

POTTERMORE
PRESENTS

SHORT STORIES FROM

HOGWARTS

OF POWER, POLITICS
AND PESKY
POLTERGEISTS

J. K. ROWLING

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Pottermore

from J.K. Rowling

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FROM THE POTTERMORE EDITOR:

Every witch or wizard with a wand has held in his or her hands more power than we will ever know. With the right spell or potion, they can fabricate love, travel through time, change physical form and even extinguish life.

In the wrong hands, power and magic can be dark, lethal, and consuming. Lord Voldemort showed us that; he sought power so viciously that he tore apart the fabric of his soul and lost everything that made him human. He is the ultimate villain, motivated by an ice-cold desire for power and destruction.

Obviously few people could match Voldemort in general evil intent (though Bellatrix Lestrange and Dolores Umbridge indeed try), but there are certainly other characters attracted to power. Here, we've collected writing by J.K. Rowling on power and politics... And just for fun, poltergeists, too.



CHAPTER

1

DOLORES
UMBRIDGE





Dolores Umbridge may have looked like an iced cupcake, but she was anything but sweet. She was savage, sadistic and remorseless. When she dared take control of Hogwarts from Albus Dumbledore, she committed all sorts of sinister acts. Under the newly created title of 'High Inquisitor' she single-handedly (well, with a little help from Filch) sucked the beloved school of all its joy, put every student in grave danger, and tortured Harry Potter. As far as we're concerned, she more than deserved her fate at the hands (hooves?) of centaurs.

Here's a much-needed glimpse into her dark past, by J.K. Rowling.





DOLORES UMBRIDGE

BY J.K. ROWLING

BIRTHDAY:
26th August

WAND:
Birch and dragon heartstring, eight inches long

HOGWARTS HOUSE:
Slytherin

SPECIAL ABILITIES:
Her punishment quill is of her own invention

PARENTAGE:
Muggle mother, wizard father

FAMILY:
Unmarried, no children

HOBBIES:
Collecting the 'Frolicsome Feline' ornamental plate range, adding
flounces to fabric and frills to stationary objects, inventing
instruments of torture

Dolores Jane Umbridge was the eldest child and only daughter of Orford Umbridge, a wizard, and Ellen Cracknell, a Muggle, who also had a Squib son. Dolores's parents were unhappily married, and Dolores secretly despised both of them: Orford for his lack of ambition (he had never been promoted, and worked in the Department of Magical Maintenance at the Ministry of Magic), and her mother, Ellen, for her flightiness, untidiness, and Muggle lineage. Both Orford and his daughter blamed Ellen for Dolores's brother's lack of magical ability, with the result that when Dolores was fifteen, the family split down the middle, Orford and Dolores remaining together, and Ellen vanishing back into the Muggle world with her son. Dolores never saw

her mother or brother again, never spoke of either of them, and henceforth pretended to all she met that she was a pure-blood.

An accomplished witch, Dolores joined the Ministry of Magic directly after she left Hogwarts, taking a job as a lowly intern in the Improper Use of Magic Office. Even at seventeen, Dolores was judgemental, prejudiced and sadistic, although her conscientious attitude, her saccharine manner towards her superiors, and the ruthlessness and stealth with which she took credit for other people's work soon gained her advancement. Before she was thirty, Dolores had been promoted to head of the office, and it was but a short step from there to ever more senior positions in the management of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. By this time, she had persuaded her father to take early retirement, and by making him a small financial allowance, she ensured that he dropped quietly out of sight. Whenever she was asked (usually by workmates who did not like her) 'are you related to that Umbridge who used to mop the floors here?' she would smile her sweetest, laugh, and deny any connection whatsoever, claiming that her deceased father had been a distinguished member of the Wizengamot. Nasty things tended to happen to people who asked about Orford, or anything that Dolores did not like talking about, and people who wanted to remain on her good side pretended to believe her version of her ancestry.

In spite of her best efforts to secure the affections of one of her superiors (she never cared particularly which of them it was, but knew that her own status and security would be advanced with a powerful husband), Dolores never succeeded in marrying. While they valued her hard work and ambition, those who got to know her best found it difficult to like her very much. After a glass of sweet sherry, Dolores was always prone to spout very uncharitable views, and even those who were anti-Muggle found themselves shocked by some of Dolores's suggestions, behind closed doors, of the treatment that the non-magical community deserved.

As she grew older and harder, and rose higher within the Ministry, Dolores's taste in little girlish accessories grew more and more pronounced; her office became a place of frills and furbelows, and she liked anything decorated with kittens (though found the real thing inconveniently messy). As the Minister for Magic Cornelius Fudge became increasingly anxious and paranoid that Albus Dumbledore had ambitions to supersede him, Dolores managed to claw her way to the very heart of power, by stoking both Fudge's vanity and his fears, and presenting herself as one of the few he could trust.

Dolores's appointment as Inquisitor at Hogwarts gave full scope, for the first time in her life, for her prejudices and her cruelty. She had not enjoyed her time at school, where she had been overlooked for all positions of responsibility, and she relished the chance to return and wield power over

Dolores has what amounts to a phobia of beings that are not quite, or wholly, human. Her distaste for the half-giant Hagrid, and her terror of centaurs, reveal a terror of the unknown and the wild. She is an immensely controlling person, and all who challenge her authority and world-view must, in her opinion, be punished. She actively enjoys subjugating and humiliating others, and except in their declared allegiances, there is little to choose between her and Bellatrix Lestrange.

Dolores's time at Hogwarts ended disastrously, because she overreached the remit Fudge had given her, stepping outside the bounds of her own authority, carried away with a fanatical sense of self-purpose. Shaken but unrepentant after a catastrophic end to her Hogwarts career, she returned to a Ministry, which had been plunged into turmoil due to the return of Lord Voldemort.

In the change of regimes that followed Fudge's forced resignation, Dolores was able to slip back into her former position at the Ministry. The new Minister, Rufus Scrimgeour, had more immediate problems pressing in on him than Dolores Umbridge. Scrimgeour was later punished for this oversight, because the fact that the Ministry had never punished Dolores for her many abuses of power seemed to Harry Potter to reveal both its complacency and its carelessness. Harry considered Dolores's continuing employment, and the lack of any repercussions for her behaviour at Hogwarts, a sign of the Ministry's essential corruption, and refused to cooperate with the new Minister because of it (Dolores is the only person, other than Lord Voldemort, to leave a permanent physical scar on Harry, having forced him to cut the words 'I must not tell lies' on the back of his own hand during detention).

Dolores was soon enjoying life at the Ministry more than ever. When the Ministry was taken over by the puppet Minister Pius Thicknesse, and infiltrated by the Dark Lord's followers, Dolores was in her true element at last. Correctly judged, by senior Death Eaters, to have much more in common with them than she ever had with Albus Dumbledore, she not only retained her post but was given extra authority, becoming Head of the Muggle-born Registration Commission, which was in effect a kangaroo court that imprisoned all Muggle-borns on the basis that they had 'stolen' their wands and their magic.

It was as she sat in judgement of another innocent woman that Harry Potter finally attacked Dolores in the very heart of the Ministry, and stole from her the Horcrux she had unwittingly been wearing.

With the fall of Lord Voldemort, Dolores Umbridge was put on trial for her enthusiastic co-operation with his regime, and convicted of the torture, imprisonment and deaths of several people (some of the innocent Muggle-

J.K. Rowling's thoughts

Once, long ago, I took instruction in a certain skill or subject (I am being vague as vague can be, for reasons that are about to become obvious), and in doing so, came into contact with a teacher or instructor whom I disliked intensely on sight.

The woman in question returned my antipathy with interest. Why we took against each other so instantly, heartily and (on my side, at least) irrationally, I honestly cannot say. What sticks in my mind is her pronounced taste for twee accessories. I particularly recall a tiny little plastic bow slide, pale lemon in colour that she wore in her short curly hair. I used to stare at that little slide, which would have been appropriate to a girl of three, as though it was some kind of repellent physical growth. She was quite a stocky woman, and not in the first flush of youth, and her tendency to wear frills where (I felt) frills had no business to be, and to carry undersized handbags, again as though they had been borrowed from a child's dressing-up box, jarred, I felt, with a personality that I found the reverse of sweet, innocent and ingenuous.

I am always a little wary when talking about these kinds of sources of inspiration, because it is infuriating to hear yourself misinterpreted in ways that can cause other people a great deal of hurt. This woman was NOT 'the real Dolores Umbridge'. She did not look like a toad, she was never sadistic or vicious to me or anyone else, and I never heard her express a single view in common with Umbridge (indeed, I never knew her well enough to know much about her views or preferences, which makes my dislike of her even less justifiable). However, it is true to say that I borrowed from her, then grossly exaggerated, a taste for the sickly sweet and girlish in dress, and it was that tiny little pale lemon plastic bow that I was remembering when I perched the fly-like ornament on Dolores Umbridge's head.

I have noticed more than once in life that a taste for the ineffably twee can go hand-in-hand with a distinctly uncharitable outlook on the world. I once shared an office with a woman who had covered the wall space behind her desk with pictures of fluffy kitties; she was the most bigoted, spiteful champion of the death penalty with whom it has ever been my misfortune to share a kettle. A love of all things saccharine often seems present where there is a lack of real warmth or charity.

So Dolores, who is one of the characters for whom I feel purest dislike,

became an amalgam of traits taken from these, and a variety of sources. Her desire to control, to punish and to inflict pain, all in the name of law and order, are, I think, every bit as reprehensible as Lord Voldemort's unvarnished espousal of evil.

Umbridge's names were carefully chosen. 'Dolores' means sorrow, something she undoubtedly inflicts on all around her. 'Umbridge' is a play on 'umbrage' from the British expression 'to take umbrage', meaning offence. Dolores is offended by any challenge to her limited world-view; I felt her surname conveyed the pettiness and rigidity of her character. It is harder to explain 'Jane'; it simply felt rather smug and neat between her other two names.



Dolores Umbridge had two offices – one at Hogwarts, the other at the Ministry of Magic – but both were decorated with foul meowing kitten plates. Now, she may never have been appointed Minister for Magic herself, but she did know how to influence anyone who was. Just think how diabolically well she worked with Cornelius Fudge to spread rumours about Harry Potter, deny the return of Voldemort, and depose Dumbledore.

If you want to understand anything about wizarding world politics, you'd better look at exactly who has held the position of Minister. And keep an eye out, as there's a familiar surname or two amongst them.





CHAPTER

2

MINISTERS FOR MAGIC
AND
AZKABAN

M



MINISTERS FOR MAGIC

BY J.K. ROWLING

The Ministry of Magic was formally established in 1707 with the appointment of the very first man to hold the title 'Minister for Magic', Ulick Gamp.* The Minister for Magic is democratically elected, although there have been times of crisis in which the post has simply been offered to an individual without a public vote (Albus Dumbledore was made such an offer, and turned it down repeatedly). There is no fixed limit to a Minister's term of office, but he or she is obliged to hold regular elections at a maximum interval of seven years. Ministers for Magic tend to last much longer than Muggle ministers.

Generally speaking, and despite many a moan and grumble, their community is behind them in a way that is rarely seen in the Muggle world. This is perhaps due to a feeling, on the part of wizards, that unless they are seen to manage themselves competently, the Muggles might try to interfere.

The Muggle Prime Minister has no part in appointing the Minister for Magic, whose election is a matter only for the magical community themselves. All matters relating to the magical community in Britain are managed solely by the Minister for Magic, and he has sole jurisdiction over his Ministry. Emergency visits to the Muggle Prime Minister by the Minister for Magic are announced by a portrait of Ulick Gamp (first Minister for Magic) that hangs in the Muggle Prime Minister's study in Number 10 Downing Street.

No Muggle Prime Minister has ever set foot in the Ministry of Magic, for reasons most succinctly summed up by ex-Minister Dugald McPhail (term of office 1858 – 1865): 'their puir wee braines couldnae cope wi' it.'

MINISTER: Ulick Gamp

TERM OF OFFICE: 1707 – 1718

Previously head of the Wizengamot, Gamp had the onerous job of policing a fractious and frightened community adjusting to the imposition of the International Statute of Secrecy. His greatest legacy was to found the

Damocles Rowle

1718 – 1726

Rowle was elected on a platform of being 'tough on Muggles'. Censured by the International Confederation of Wizards, he was eventually forced to step down.

Perseus Parkinson

1726 – 1733

Attempted to pass a bill making it illegal to marry a Muggle. Misread the public mood; the wizarding community, tired of anti-Muggle sentiment and wanting peace, voted him out at the first opportunity.

Eldritch Diggory

1733 – 1747

Popular Minister who first established an Auror recruitment programme. Died in office (dragon pox).

Albert Boot

1747 – 1752

Likeable, but inept. Resigned after a mismanaged goblin rebellion.

Basil Flack

1752 – 1752

Shortest serving Minister. Lasted two months; resigned after the goblins joined forces with werewolves.

Hesphaestus Gore

1752 – 1770

Gore was one of the earliest Aurors. Successfully put down a number of

rehabilitation programmes for werewolves ultimately led to more attacks. Renovated and reinforced the prison of Azkaban.

Maximilian Crowdy

1770 – 1781

Father-of-nine Crowdy was a charismatic leader who routed out several extremist pure-blood groups planning Muggle attacks. His mysterious death in office has been the subject of numerous books and conspiracy theories.

Porteus Knatchbull

1781 – 1789

Was called in confidentially in 1782 by the Muggle Prime Minister of the day, Lord North, to see whether he could help with King George III's emerging mental instability. Word leaked out that Lord North believed in wizards, and he was forced to resign after a motion of no confidence.

Unctuous Osbert

1789 – 1798

Widely seen as too much influenced by pure-bloods of wealth and status.

Artemisia Lufkin

1798 - 1811

First female Minister for Magic. Established Department of International Magical Co-operation and lobbied hard and successfully to have a Quidditch World Cup tournament held in Britain during her term.

Grogan Stump

1811 – 1819

Very popular Minister for Magic, a passionate Quidditch fan (Tutshill Tornados), established the Department of Magical Games and Sports and managed to steer through legislation on magical beasts and beings that had long been a source of contention.

Josephina Flint

1819 - 1827

Revealed an unhealthy anti-Muggle bias in office; disliked new Muggle technology such as the telegraph, which she claimed interfered with proper wand function.

Ottoline Gambol

1827 - 1835

A much more forward-looking Minister, Gambol established committees to investigate Muggle brainpower, which seemed, during this period of the British Empire, to be greater than some wizards had credited.

Radolphus Lestrangle

1835 – 1841

Reactionary who attempted to close down the Department of Mysteries, which ignored him. Eventually resigned due to ill health, which was widely rumoured to be inability to cope with the strains of office.

Hortensia Milliphutt

1841 – 1849

Introduced more legislation than any other sitting Minister, much of it useful, but some wearisome (hat pointiness and so on), which ultimately resulted in her political downfall.

Evangeline Orpington

1849 – 1855

A good friend of Queen Victoria's, who never realised she was a witch, let alone Minister for Magic. Orpington is believed to have intervened magically (and illegally) in the Crimean War.

Priscilla Dupont

1855 - 1858

Conceived an irrational loathing of the Muggle Prime Minister Lord

in his coat pockets, etc) that she was forced to step down. Ironically, Palmerston was forced to resign by the Muggles two days later.

Dugald McPhail

1858 – 1865

A safe pair of hands. While the Muggle parliament underwent a period of marked upheaval, the Ministry of Magic knew a period of welcome calm.

Faris ‘Spout-hole’ Spavin

1865 – 1903

Longest-ever serving Minister for Magic, and also the most long-winded, he survived an ‘assassination attempt’ (kicking) from a centaur who resented the punchline of Spavin’s infamous ‘a centaur, a ghost and a dwarf walk into a bar’ joke. Attended Queen Victoria’s funeral in an admiral’s hat and spats, at which point the Wizengamot suggested gently that it was time he move aside (Spavin was 147 when he left office).

Venusia Crickerly

1903 – 1912

Second ex-Auror to take office and considered both competent and likeable, Crickerly died in a freak gardening accident (mandrake related).

Archer Evermonde

1912 – 1923

In post during the Muggle First World War, Evermonde passed emergency legislation forbidding witches and wizards to get involved, lest they risk mass infractions of the International Statute of Secrecy. Thousands defied him, aiding Muggles where they could.

Lorcan McLaird

1923 – 1925

A gifted wizard, but an unlikely politician, McLaird was an exceptionally taciturn man who preferred to communicate in monosyllables and expressive

office out of sheer irritation at his eccentricities.

Hector Fawley

1925 – 1939

Undoubtedly voted in because of his marked difference to McLaird, the ebullient and flamboyant Fawley did not take sufficiently seriously the threat presented to the world wizarding community by Gellert Grindelwald. He paid with his job.

Leonard Spencer-Moon

1939 – 1948

A sound Minister who rose through the ranks from being tea-boy in the Department of Magical Accidents and Catastrophes. Oversaw a great period of international wizarding and Muggle conflict. Enjoyed a good working relationship with Winston Churchill.

Wilhelmina Tuft

1948 – 1959

Cheery witch who presided over a period of welcome peace and prosperity. Died in office after discovering, too late, her allergy to Alihotsy-flavoured fudge.

Ignatius Tuft

1959 – 1962

Son of the above. A hard-liner who capitalised on his mother's popularity to gain election. Promised to institute a controversial and dangerous Dementor breeding program and was forced from office.

Nobby Leach

1962 – 1968

First Muggle-born Minister for Magic, his appointment caused consternation among the old (pure-blood) guard, many of whom resigned government posts in protest. Has always denied having anything to do with England's 1966

theories abound).

Eugenia Jenkins

1968 – 1975

Jenkins dealt competently with pure-blood riots during Squib Rights marches in the late sixties, but was soon confronted with the first rise of Lord Voldemort. Jenkins was soon ousted from office as inadequate to the challenge.

Harold Minchum

1975 – 1980

Seen as a hard-liner, he placed even more Dementors around Azkaban, but was unable to contain what looked like Voldemort's unstoppable rise to power.

Millicent Bagnold

1980 – 1990

A highly able Minister. Had to answer to the International Confederation of Wizards for the number of breaches of the International Statute of Secrecy on the day and night following Harry Potter's survival of Lord Voldemort's attack. Acquitted herself magnificently with the now infamous words: 'I assert our inalienable right to party', which drew cheers from all present.

Cornelius Fudge

1990 – 1996

A career politician overly fond of the old guard. Persistent denial of the continuing threat of Lord Voldemort ultimately cost him his job.

Rufus Scrimgeour

1996 – 1997

The third ex-Auror to gain office, Scrimgeour died in office at the hands of Lord Voldemort.

Pius Thicknesse

1997 – 1998

Omitted from most official records, as he was under the Imperius Curse for his entire term of office, and unconscious of anything that he was doing.

Kingsley Shacklebolt

1998 – present

Oversaw the capture of Death Eaters and Voldemort supporters following the death of Lord Voldemort. Initially named as 'caretaker Minister', Shacklebolt was subsequently elected to the office.

* Prior to 1707, the Wizards' Council was the longest serving (though not the only) body to govern the magical community in Britain. After the imposition of the International Statute of Secrecy in 1692, however, the wizarding community needed a more highly structured, organised and more complex governing structure than they had hitherto used, to support, regulate and communicate with a community in hiding. Only witches and wizards who enjoyed the title of 'Minister for Magic' are included in this entry.



How great would it have been to share a foaming pint of Butterbeer with Faris 'Spout hole' Spavin? But there are a few in that list we'd avoid altogether – Damocles Rowle, for instance, the Minister who first began sending criminals to Azkaban.

Even before it became a notorious prison, the island fortress was not exactly somewhere you'd go on a family holiday. You might want to get a very happy memory and a fervent 'Expecto Patronum!' at the ready...





AZKABAN

BY J.K. ROWLING

Azkaban has existed since the fifteenth century and was not originally a prison at all. The island in the North Sea upon which the first fortress was built never appeared on any map, Muggle or wizarding, and is believed to have been created, or enlarged, by magical means.

The fortress upon it was originally home to a little-known sorcerer who called himself Ekrizdis. Evidently extremely powerful, but of unknown nationality, Ekrizdis, who is believed to have been insane, was a practitioner of the worst kinds of Dark Arts. Alone in the middle of the ocean, he lured, tortured and killed Muggle sailors, apparently for pleasure, and only when he died, and the concealment charms he had cast faded away, did the Ministry of Magic realise that either island or building existed. Those who entered to investigate refused afterwards to talk of what they had found inside, but the least frightening part of it was that the place was infested with Dementors.

Many in authority thought Azkaban an evil place that was best destroyed. Others were afraid of what might happen to the Dementors infesting the building if they deprived them of their home. The creatures were already strong and impossible to kill; many feared a horrible revenge if they took away a habitat where they appeared to thrive. The very walls of the building seemed steeped in misery and pain, and the Dementors were determined to cling to it. Experts who had studied buildings built with and around Dark magic contended that Azkaban might wreak its own revenge upon anybody attempting to destroy it. The fortress was therefore left abandoned for many years, a home to continually breeding Dementors.

Once the International Statute of Secrecy had been imposed, the Ministry of Magic felt that the small wizarding prisons that existed up and down the country in various towns and villages posed a security risk, because attempts by incarcerated witches and wizards to break out often led to undesirable bangs, smells and light shows. A purpose-built prison, located on some remote Hebridean island, was preferred, and plans had been drawn up when Damocles Rowle became Minister for Magic.

Rowle was an authoritarian who had risen to power on an anti-Muggle

agenda, capitalising on the anger felt by much of the wizarding community at being forced to go underground. Sadistic by nature, Rowle scrapped the plans for the new prison at once and insisted on using Azkaban. He claimed that the Dementors living there were an advantage: they could be harnessed as guards, saving the Ministry time, trouble and expense.

In spite of opposition from many wizards, among them experts on both Dementors and buildings with Azkaban's kind of Dark history, Rowle carried out his plan and soon a steady trickle of prisoners had been placed there. None ever emerged. If they were not mad and dangerous before being placed in Azkaban, they swiftly became so.

Rowle was succeeded by Perseus Parkinson, who was likewise pro-Azkaban. By the time that Eldritch Diggory took over as Minister for Magic, the prison had been operating for fifteen years. There had been no breakouts and no breaches of security. The new prison seemed to be working well. It was only when Diggory went to visit that he realised exactly what conditions inside were like. Prisoners were mostly insane and a graveyard had been established to accommodate those that died of despair.

Back in London, Diggory established a committee to explore alternatives to Azkaban, or at least to remove the Dementors as guards. Experts explained to him that the only reason the Dementors were (mostly) confined to the island was that they were being provided with a constant supply of souls on which to feed. If deprived of prisoners, they were likely to abandon the prison and head for the mainland.

This advice notwithstanding, Diggory had been so horrified by what he had seen inside Azkaban that he pressed the committee to find alternatives. Before they could reach any decision, however, Diggory caught dragon pox and died. From that time until the advent of Kingsley Shacklebolt, no Minister ever seriously considered closing Azkaban. They turned a blind eye to the inhumane conditions inside the fortress, permitted it to be magically enlarged and expanded and rarely visited, due to the awful effects of entering a building populated by thousands of Dementors. Most justified their attitude by pointing to the prison's perfect record at keeping prisoners locked up.

Nearly three centuries passed before that record was broken. A young man was successfully smuggled out of the prison when his visiting mother exchanged places with him, something that the blind and loveless Dementors could not detect and would have never expected. This escape was followed by another, still more ingenious and impressive, when Sirius Black managed to evade the Dementors single-handed.

The weakness of the prison was demonstrated amply over the next few years, when two mass breakouts occurred, both involving Death Eaters. By this time the Dementors had given their allegiance to Lord Voldemort, who

Dumbledore was one who had long disapproved of the use of Dementors as guards, not only because of the inhumane treatment of the prisoners in their power, but because he foresaw the possible shift in loyalties of such Dark creatures.

Under Kingsley Shacklebolt, Azkaban was purged of Dementors. While it remains in use as a prison, the guards are now Aurors, who are regularly rotated from the mainland. There has been no breakout since this new system was introduced.

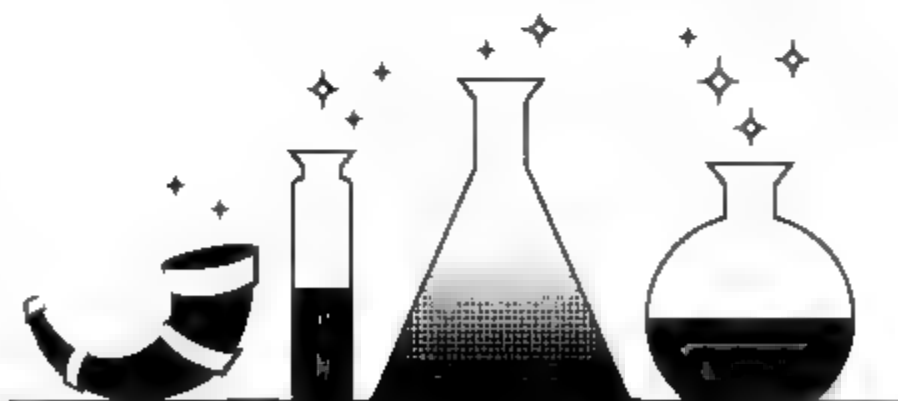
J.K. Rowling's thoughts

The name 'Azkaban' derives from a mixture of the prison 'Alcatraz', which is its closest Muggle equivalent, being set on an island, and 'Abaddon', which is a Hebrew word meaning 'place of destruction' or 'depths of hell'.

CHAPTER

3

MORACE
SLUGHORN





HORACE SLUGHORN

BY J.K. ROWLING

BIRTHDAY:
28th April

WAND:
Cedar and dragon heartstring, ten and a quarter inches, fairly flexible

HOGWARTS HOUSE:
Slytherin

SPECIAL ABILITIES:
Accomplished Occlumens, expert Potioneer, advanced self-transfiguration

PARENTAGE:
Wizard father, witch mother (family one of the so-called 'Sacred Twenty-Eight')

FAMILY:
Never married, no children (although the Slughorn family continues through a collateral line)

HOBBIES:
The Slug Club, corresponding with famous ex-students, fine wines and confectionery

Childhood

Horace Eugene Flaccus Slughorn was born into an ancient wizarding family, the only son of doting and wealthy parents. Although a fundamentally good-tempered boy, he was educated to believe in the value of the old boys' network (his father was a high-ranking Ministry official in the Department of International Magical Co-operation), and encouraged to make friends 'of the right sort' once he arrived at Hogwarts. The Slughorn family is one of the so-called 'Sacred Twenty-Eight', (a select list of the only families designated 'pure-blooded' by an anonymous author in the 1930s) and while Slughorn's parents were never militant in their pure-blood beliefs, they encouraged a quiet belief in the family's innate superiority.

Horace was sorted instantly into Slytherin upon arrival at Hogwarts. He proved himself an outstanding student, and while he did not follow his parents' implied instructions to the letter (numbering among his friends several talented Muggle-borns), he practised his own brand of elitism. Horace was drawn to those whose talents or backgrounds made them in any way distinctive, revelling in reflected glory, and dazzled by celebrity of any description. Even as a boy he was an embarrassingly loud name-dropper, and would often refer to the Minister for Magic by his Christian name, happy to imply that the family were on closer terms with him than was really the case.

Early Teaching Career

In spite of his considerable abilities, his admiration of those who enjoyed the limelight and his parents' ambitions for him at the Ministry, Horace Slughorn was never drawn to the cut and thrust of politics. He enjoyed his creature comforts and revelled in the vicarious delights of having high-achieving friends, without much wanting to emulate any of them. Perhaps he knew in his heart of hearts that he was not the stuff of which great Ministers are made, aware that he preferred a less taxing and more comfortable existence. When offered the job of Potions master at Hogwarts he was delighted to accept, having a great flair for teaching and a deep fondness for the old school.

Subsequently promoted to Head of Slytherin house, Slughorn remained a good-tempered and easy-going man. He had weaknesses – vanity, snobbery and a certain lack of judgement when it came to the good-looking and talented – and yet he was devoid of cruelty or malice. The worst of which he could be accused during his teaching career is that he made far too great a distinction between those students whom he found amusing and promising, and those in whom he saw no flicker of future greatness. The institution of the 'Slug Club' – an out-of-hours dining and social club for his selected favourites – did nothing to assuage the feelings of those who were never invited.

Slughorn undoubtedly had a good eye for latent talent; over a fifty-year period numerous members of the Slug Club, hand-picked by him, subsequently had dazzling careers in the wizarding world, in fields as diverse as Quidditch, politics, business and journalism.

Relationship with Voldemort

Unfortunately for Slughorn, one of his very favourite students, a handsome and exceptionally talented boy called Tom Marvolo Riddle, had ambitions that were far removed from the likes of the Ministry or proprietorship of the *Daily Prophet*. Manipulative and charming when he chose, Riddle knew exactly how to flatter and cajole his doting Potions master and Head of House into parting with forbidden information: how to create Horcruxes. Most ill-advisedly, Slughorn gave his protégé the knowledge he had been lacking.

Although it is not shown in the novels, we may deduce, from what Professor Dumbledore tells Harry Potter about his own suspicions about Tom Riddle during the latter's school days, that Dumbledore would have warned his colleague Slughorn against allowing himself to be used by the boy. Slughorn, secure in his own judgement (which had been vindicated so many times), brushed off such warnings as paranoia on Dumbledore's part, believing the Transfiguration teacher to have taken an unaccountable dislike to Tom from the moment he had fetched the boy from the orphanage in which he had been brought up.

Slughorn remained in thrall to Riddle right up until the latter's departure from the school, when Slughorn was disappointed to discover that his prize pupil had not only turned down every wonderful job offer made to him, but vanished, showing no desire to keep in touch with the master with whom he had seemed to feel such an affinity. Slowly, over the ensuing months, Slughorn had to admit to himself that the affection Tom Riddle had seemed to feel for him might, after all, have been a pretence. Slughorn's guilty feelings about having shared a piece of dangerous magical knowledge with the boy intensified, but he suppressed them more determinedly than ever, confiding in no one.

When, a few years after Riddle's departure from the school, a Dark wizard of immense power called Lord Voldemort became active in the wizarding world, Slughorn did not immediately recognise him as his old pupil. He had never been privy to the private name that Riddle was already using to his cronies at Hogwarts, and Voldemort had undergone several physical transformations since last they met. When Slughorn realised that this frightening wizard was, indeed, Tom Riddle, he was horrified, and on the night that Voldemort returned to Hogwarts, seeking a teaching post, Slughorn hid in his office, frightened that the visitor would come and claim

acquaintance. Voldemort did not trouble to greet his former Potions master on that occasion, but Slughorn's relief was short-lived.

When the wizarding world fell into war, and rumours swirled that Voldemort had, somehow, made himself immortal, Slughorn was sure that it was he who had made Voldemort invincible, by teaching him about Horcruxes (this guilt was misplaced, as Riddle already knew how to make a Horcrux, and had feigned innocence in order to find out what might happen if a wizard made more than one). Slughorn became ill with guilt and fright. Albus Dumbledore, now Headmaster, treated his colleague with particular kindness at this time, which had the paradoxical effect of increasing Slughorn's guilt, reinforcing his determination never to tell a living soul what a dreadful mistake he had made.

Lord Voldemort made no attempt to seize Hogwarts on his first ascent to power. Slughorn believed, correctly, that he was safest remaining in his post rather than risking the outside world while Voldemort was at large. When Voldemort met his match upon attacking the infant Harry Potter, Slughorn was even more jubilant than most of the wizarding population. If Voldemort had been killed, Slughorn reasoned, then he could not have made a Horcrux, which meant that he, Slughorn, was innocent after all. It was Slughorn's extremity of relief, and the disjointed phrases he let fall in the first rush of emotion after hearing of Voldemort's defeat, that first alerted Dumbledore to the possibility that Slughorn had shared Dark secrets with Tom Riddle. Dumbledore's gentle attempts to question Slughorn, however, caused him to clam up. A few days later, Slughorn (who had now completed a half century of service to the school) tendered his resignation.

Retirement

Horace intended to enjoy a delightful retirement, free from the cares of teaching and the burden of guilt and fear that had been with him for years. He returned to the comfortable home of his parents (now dead), where he had enjoyed school holidays, now taking up permanent residence.

For nearly a decade, Slughorn enjoyed his well-stocked cellar and library, paying occasional visits to old members of the Slug Club, and hosting reunion feasts at his home. He missed teaching, however, and occasionally felt a sad chill at the thought that the famous faces of tomorrow were now passing through Hogwarts without the slightest knowledge of who he was.

About a decade into Slughorn's retirement, word reached him through his extensive contacts that Lord Voldemort was still alive, although in some disembodied form. This, of all the news in the world, was what Slughorn most feared, for it suggested that his deepest dread had been well founded; that Voldemort lived on, in some fragmented spectral form, because his younger self had successfully created one or more Horcruxes.

Slughorn's retirement now became a fraught affair. Sleepless and frightened, he asked himself whether he had been wise to leave Hogwarts, where Voldemort had previously feared to invade, and where Dumbledore would surely be well informed about what was going on.

Hiding

Shortly after the conclusion of the Triwizard Tournament at Hogwarts (which Slughorn had been following with rapt attention in the press), the wizarding world erupted with fresh rumours. Harry Potter had survived the competition under dubious circumstances, returning to the Hogwarts grounds clutching the body of a fellow competitor, whom he claimed had been killed by a reborn Voldemort.

While Harry's story was widely dismissed by both the Ministry of Magic and the wizarding press, Horace Slughorn believed it. Confirmation came three nights after the death of Cedric Diggory, when the Death Eater Corban Yaxley arrived at Slughorn's house under cover of night, clearly intending to recruit him, or take him by force to Voldemort.

Slughorn reacted with a speed that would have astounded those who had watched him grow slower and fatter through the years of his retirement. Transfiguring himself into an armchair, he successfully evaded Yaxley's detection. Once the Death Eater had left, Slughorn packed a few necessities into a bag, locked up his house behind him, and went on the run.

For over a year, Slughorn moved from house to house, often squatting in Muggle dwellings when the owners were away, because he did not dare stay with friends who might subsequently betray – whether willingly or under duress – his whereabouts. It was a miserable existence, made still more wretched by the fact that he did not know precisely what Voldemort wanted from him. He thought it most likely that his old student simply wanted to recruit him to his army, which was still small compared to what it had been at the height of his previous power; in his darkest moments, however, Slughorn wondered whether Voldemort did want to kill him, to prevent him ever betraying the source of the latter's continuing invulnerability.

Later Teaching Career

Though Slughorn's charms and hexes kept him a few steps ahead of the Death Eaters, they were insufficient to keep him concealed from Albus Dumbledore, who finally ran him to ground in the village of Budleigh Babberton, where Slughorn had commandeered a Muggle dwelling. The Headmaster was not fooled by the disguise that had hoodwinked Yaxley, and asked Slughorn to return to Hogwarts as a teacher. As an added inducement, Dumbledore had brought along Harry Potter, whom Slughorn now met for the first time: the most famous student Hogwarts had ever seen, he was also the son of one of Slughorn's all-time favourite students, Lily Evans.

Although initially resistant, Slughorn could not resist the combined allure of a safe place of residence and of Harry himself, who had a glamour that exceeded even Tom Riddle's. Slughorn suspected that Dumbledore might have a further motive, but was confident that he could resist Dumbledore's attempts to wheedle out of him any assistance he might have given Lord Voldemort. He armed himself against this eventuality by preparing a fake 'memory' of the night that Riddle had approached him with a request to be taught about Horcruxes.

Slughorn resumed his post as Potions master at Hogwarts with gusto, once again instituting the Slug Club and attempting to collect all the most talented or well-connected students of the day. As Dumbledore had expected and intended, Slughorn was captivated by Harry Potter, whom he believed (erroneously) to be supremely talented in his own subject. Harry finally succeeded in prising from Slughorn the true memory of his Horcrux conversation with Riddle, after using Slughorn's own potion against him: Felix Felicis, which made Harry irresistibly lucky.

Hogwarts under Death Eater Rule

Once the school had been taken over by Lord Voldemort, with Severus Snape as Headmaster and the Death Eater Carrows taking key roles in subjugating staff and pupils, Slughorn learned that Voldemort had nothing worse in store for him than to remain in post and teach pure- and half-bloods. This he did, keeping his profile as low as he dared, though never enforcing the violent discipline advocated by the Carrows, and attempting to look after the students in his care as best he could.

The Battle of Hogwarts

Slughorn's behaviour during the most dangerous night of his life reveals the worth of the man. Initially he appeared to have escaped the fight, having led the Slytherins out of the castle to safety. Once in Hogsmeade, however, he helped to rouse and mobilise the villagers, returning with Charlie Weasley at the head of reinforcements at a crucial point in the battle. What is more, he was one of the last three (with Minerva McGonagall and Kingsley Shacklebolt) to duel Voldemort before the latter's final confrontation with Harry. Slughorn sought redemption in these selfless acts of courage, risking his life against his erstwhile pupil.

Slughorn's genuine remorse for the damage he had done in telling Riddle what he wanted to know is conclusive proof that he is not, and never was, Death Eater material. A little weak, a little lazy and certainly snobbish, Slughorn is nevertheless kind hearted, with a fully functional conscience. In his final test, Slughorn revealed himself to be implacably opposed to the Dark Arts. When his bravery at the Battle of Hogwarts was publicised, his actions (along with those of Regulus Black, which gained attention in the aftermath of Voldemort's demise) removed much of the stigma that had been attached to Slytherin house for hundreds of years past. Though now (permanently) retired, his portrait has a place of honour in the Slytherin common room.

J.K. Rowling's thoughts

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was one of the greatest Roman Poets, more commonly known as Horace. He gave Slughorn two of his Christian names. The name 'Slughorn' derives from the (Scots) Gaelic for 'war cry': sluagh-ghairm, which later gave rise to 'slughorn', a battle trumpet. I loved the word for its look and sound, but also for its many associations. The original Gaelic suggests a hidden ferocity, whereas the corrupted word seems to allude to the feeler of the *Arion distinctus* (or common land slug), which works well for such a seemingly sedentary, placid man. 'Horn' also hints at his trumpeting of famous names and illustrious associations.



Horace Slughorn was one of the most gifted Potion makers that Hogwarts had ever seen. Like Severus Snape, he had the power to bottle fame, brew glory, and even stopper death, but what makes a truly talented Potions master? According to J.K. Rowling, you need more than just a cauldron and the right ingredients to whip up a winning concoction.





POTIONS

BY J.K. ROWLING

It is often asked whether a Muggle could create a magic potion, given a Potions book and the right ingredients. The answer, unfortunately, is no. There is always some element of wandwork necessary to make a potion (merely adding dead flies and asphodel to a pot hanging over a fire will give you nothing but nasty-tasting, not to mention poisonous, soup).

Some potions duplicate the effects of spells and charms, but a few (for instance, the Polyjuice Potion and Felix Felicis) have effects impossible to achieve any other way. Generally speaking, witches and wizards favour whichever method they find easiest, or most satisfying, to produce their chosen end.

Potions are not for the impatient, but their effects are usually difficult to undo by any but another skilled potioneer. This branch of magic carries a certain mystique and therefore status. There is also the dark cachet of handling substances that are highly dangerous. The popular idea of a Potions expert within the wizarding community is of a brooding, slow-burning personality: Snape, in fact, conforms perfectly to the stereotype.

J.K. Rowling's thoughts

Chemistry was my least favourite subject at school, and I gave it up as soon as I could. Naturally, when I was trying to decide which subject Harry's arch-enemy, Severus Snape, should teach, it had to be the wizarding equivalent. This makes it all the stranger that I found Snape's introduction to his subject quite compelling ('I can teach you to bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death...'), apparently part of me found Potions quite as interesting as Snape did; and indeed I always enjoyed creating potions in the books, and researching ingredients for them.

Many of the components of the various draughts and libations that Harry creates for Snape exist (or were once believed to exist) and have (or were believed to have) the properties I gave them. Dittany, for instance, really does have healing properties (it is an anti-inflammatory, although I would not advise Splinching yourself to test it); a bezoar really is a mass taken from the intestines of an animal, and it really was once believed that drinking water in which a bezoar was placed could cure you of poisoning.



You can hunt down dittany or find a bezoar in the real world, but you'd be hard pressed to track down a Bicorn horn – one of the key ingredients in Polyjuice Potion. This appearance-altering potion is undeniably powerful, whether used for good or evil; but what is the meaning behind each of the ingredients in the mixture, and why is Hermione's ability to brew it as a second-year student so remarkable?





POLYJUICE POTION

BY J.K. ROWLING

The Polyjuice Potion, which is a complex and time-consuming concoction, is best left to highly skilled witches and wizards. It enables the consumer to assume the physical appearance of another person, as long as they have first procured part of that individual's body to add to the brew (this may be anything – toenail clippings, dandruff or worse – but it is most usual to use hair). The idea that a witch or wizard might make evil use of parts of the body is an ancient one, and exists in the folklore and superstitions of many cultures.

The effect of the potion is only temporary, and depending on how well it has been brewed, may last anything from between ten minutes and twelve hours. You can change age, sex and race by taking the Polyjuice Potion, but not species.

The fact that Hermione is able to make a competent Polyjuice Potion at the age of twelve is testimony to her outstanding magical ability, because it is a potion that many adult witches and wizards fear to attempt.

J.K. Rowling's thoughts

I remember creating the full list of ingredients for the Polyjuice Potion. Each one was carefully selected. Lacewing flies (the first part of the name suggested an intertwining or binding together of two identities); leeches (to suck the essence out of one and into the other); horn of a Bicorn (the idea of duality); knotgrass (another hint of being tied to another person); fluxweed (the mutability of the body as it changed into another) and Boomslang skin (a shedded outer body and a new inner).

The name Polyjuice was supposed to make several allusions. 'Poly', meaning 'many', gave the idea that the potion could turn you into lots of different people; but 'Polyjuice' is also very near 'Polydeuces', who was a twin in Greek mythology.



If you're going to cook up a goblet full of Polyjuice, or any other vile-tasting but powerful brew, you're going to need a cauldron. Here's a little history of this vital piece of magical equipment.





CAULDRONS

BY J.K. ROWLING

Cauldrons were once used by Muggles and wizards alike, being large metal cooking pots that could be suspended over fires. In time, magical and non-magical people alike moved on to stoves; saucepans became more convenient and cauldrons became the sole province of witches and wizards, who continued to brew potions in them. A naked flame is essential for the making of potions, which makes cauldrons the most practical pot of all.

All cauldrons are enchanted to make them lighter to carry, as they are most commonly made of pewter or iron. Modern inventions include the self-stirring and collapsible varieties of cauldron, and pots of precious metal are also available for the specialist, or the show-off.

J.K. Rowling's thoughts

Cauldrons have had a magical association for centuries. They appear in hundreds of years' worth of pictures of witches, and are also supposed to be where leprechauns keep treasure. Many folk and fairy tales make mention of cauldrons with special powers, but in the Harry Potter books they are a fairly mundane tool. I did consider making Helga Hufflepuff's hallow a cauldron, but there was something slightly comical and incongruous about having such a large and heavy Horcrux; I wanted the objects Harry had to find to be smaller and more portable. However, a cauldron appears both in the four mythical jewels of Ireland (its magical power was that nobody ever went away from it unsatisfied) and in the legend of The Thirteen Treasures of Britain (the cauldron of Dyrrwch the giant would cook meat for brave men, but not for cowards).



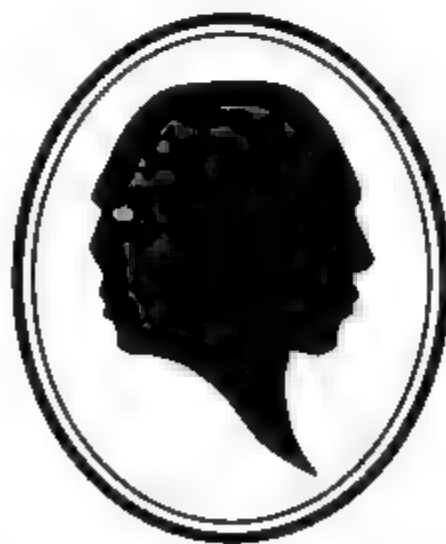
The job of Potions master is not without risks, but it is the Defence Against the Dark Arts post that is the most dangerous. Of all the memorable DADA teachers who passed through Hogwarts, it might have been easy to forget quiet Professor Quirinus Quirrell, were it not for the fact that he turned out to have Voldemort on the back of his head. Here's a little extra information on the man who made a rather unconventional exit from his position at Hogwarts.



CHAPTER

4

QUIRINUS QUIRRELL





QUIRINUS QUIRRELL

BY J.K. ROWLING

BIRTHDAY:
26th September

WAND:
Alder and unicorn hair, nine inches long, bendy

HOGWARTS HOUSE:
Ravenclaw

SPECIAL ABILITIES:
Learned in the theory of Defensive Magic, less adept in the practice

PARENTAGE:
Half-blood

FAMILY:
Unmarried, no children

HOBBIES:
Travel, pressing wild flowers

Harry's first Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher is a clever young wizard who took a 'Grand Tour' around the world before taking up his teaching post at Hogwarts. When Harry first meets Quirrell, he has adopted a turban for everyday wear. His nerves, expressed most obviously in his stammer, are so pronounced that it is rumoured the turban is stuffed full of garlic, to ward off vampires.

I saw Quirrell as a gifted but delicate boy, who would probably have been teased for his timidity and nerves during his school life. Feeling inadequate and wishing to prove himself, he developed an (initially theoretical) interest in the Dark Arts. Like many people who feel themselves to be insignificant, even laughable, Quirrell had a latent desire to make the world sit up and notice him.

Quirrell set out deliberately to find whatever remained of the Dark wizard, partly out of curiosity, partly out of that unacknowledged desire for importance. At the very least, Quirrell fantasised that he could be the man who tracked Voldemort down, but at best, might learn skills from Voldemort that would ensure he was never laughed at again.

Though Hagrid was correct in saying that Quirrell had a 'brilliant mind', the Hogwarts teacher was both naive and arrogant in thinking that he would be able to control an encounter with Voldemort, even in the Dark wizard's weakened state. When Voldemort realised that the young man had a position at Hogwarts, he took immediate possession of Quirrell, who was incapable of resisting.

While Quirrell did not lose his soul, he became completely subjugated by Voldemort, who caused a frightful mutation of Quirrell's body: now Voldemort looked out of the back of Quirrell's head and directed his movements, even forcing him to attempt murder. Quirrell tried to put up feeble resistance on occasion, but Voldemort was far too strong for him.

Quirrell is, in effect, turned into a temporary Horcrux by Voldemort. He is greatly depleted by the physical strain of fighting the far stronger, evil soul inside him. Quirrell's body manifests burns and blisters during his fight with Harry due to the protective power Harry's mother left in his skin when she died for him. When the body Voldemort and Quirrell are sharing is horribly burned by contact with Harry, the former flees just in time to save himself, leaving the damaged and enfeebled Quirrell to collapse and die.

J.K. Rowling's thoughts

Quirinus was a Roman God about whom there is not much information, although he is commonly associated with war – a clue that Quirrell is not quite as meek as he appears. 'Quirrell', which is so nearly 'squirrel' – small, cute and harmless – also suggested 'quiver,' a nod to the character's innate nervousness.



We've covered power and politics in the wizarding world sensibly and thoroughly. But to end on something altogether more uplifting, let's take a look at the potent presence of Peeves the poltergeist. If there were an unpopularity contest among the staff and students of Hogwarts, surely Peeves would at least be a finalist in the 'nuisance' category?



CHAPTER

5

A PESKY
POLTERGEIST





PEEVES THE POLTERGEIST

BY J.K. ROWLING

The name 'poltergeist' is German in origin, and roughly translates as 'noisy ghost', although it is not, strictly speaking, a ghost at all. The poltergeist is an invisible entity that moves objects, slams doors and creates other audible, kinetic disturbances. It has been reported in many cultures and there is a strong association with the places where young people, especially adolescents, are living. Explanations for the phenomenon vary all the way from supernatural to scientific.

It was inevitable that, in a building bursting with teenage witches and wizards, a poltergeist would be generated; it was likewise to be expected that such a poltergeist would be noisier, more destructive and harder to expel than those that occasionally frequent Muggle houses. Sure enough, Peeves is the most notorious and troublesome poltergeist in British history. Unlike the overwhelming majority of his colleagues, Peeves has a physical form, though he is able to become invisible at will. His looks reflect his nature, which those who know him would agree is a seamless blend of humour and malice.

Peeves is well-named, for he has been a pet peeve of every Hogwarts caretaker from Hankerton Humble (appointed by the four founders) onwards. Though many students and even teachers have a somewhat perverse fondness for Peeves (he undoubtedly adds a certain zest to school life), he is incurably disruptive, and it generally falls to the caretaker of the day to clean up his many deliberate messes: vases smashed, potions up-ended, bookcases toppled and so on. Those with weak nerves deplore Peeves's fondness for suddenly materialising an inch from the end of their noses, hiding in suits of armour or dropping solid objects on their heads as they move between classes.

Several concerted efforts to remove Peeves from the castle have resulted in failure. The last and most disastrous was made in 1876 by caretaker Rancorous Carpe, who devised an elaborate trap, baited with an assortment of weapons he believed would be irresistible to Peeves, and a vast enchanted bell jar, reinforced by various Containment Charms, which he intended to drop over the poltergeist once he was in place. Not only did Peeves break easily through the giant bell jar, showering an entire corridor with broken glass, he

also escaped the trap armed with several cutlasses, crossbows, a blunderbuss and a miniature cannon. The castle was evacuated while Peeves amused himself by firing randomly out of the windows and threatening all and sundry with death. A three-day standoff was ended when the Headmistress of the day, Eupraxia Mole, agreed to sign a contract allowing Peeves additional privileges, such as a once-weekly swim in the boys' toilets on the ground floor, first refusal on stale bread from the kitchen for throwing purposes, and a new hat to be custom-made by Madame Bonhabille of Paris. Rancorous Carpe took early retirement for health reasons, and no subsequent attempt has ever been made to rid the castle of its most ill-disciplined inhabitant.

Peeves does recognise authority of a sort. Though generally unimpressed by titles and badges, he is generally amenable to the strictures of the teachers, agreeing to stay out of their classrooms while they teach. He has also been known to show an affinity for rare students (notably Fred and George Weasley), and is certainly afraid of the ghost of Slytherin, the Bloody Baron. His true loyalties, however, were revealed in the Great Battle of Hogwarts.



So there you have it. You've discovered what happens when power goes to someone's head (quite literally, in Professor Quirrell's case), which witch clawed her way to power while simultaneously collecting Frolicsome Feline plates, and where the power-hungry and corrupt end up when caught.

We hope you've enjoyed this collection of J.K. Rowling's writing, presented by Pottermore.



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